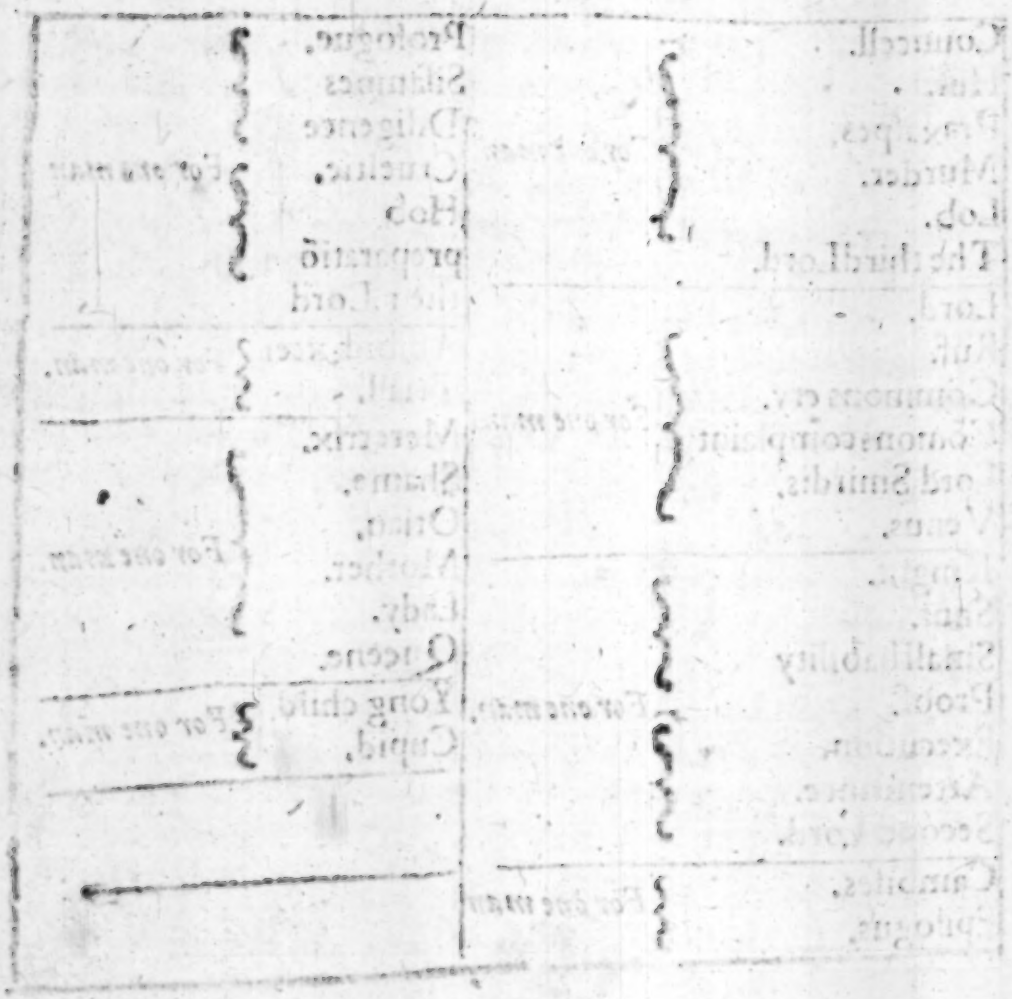
A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of *pleſant mirth, containing the life of* Cambiſes king of Percia, from the beginning of his kingdome, vnto his death, his owne good deed of execution, *after that many wicked deedes and tyrannous murders*, committed by and through him, and laſt of all, his odious death by Gods Iuſtice appointed. Done in ſuch order as followeth.

By *Thomas Preſton.*

The diuiſion of the parts.

Councell. Huf. Praxaſpes. Murder. Lob. The third Lord.	*For one man.*
Lord. Ruf. Commons cry. Cõmons complaint Lord Smirdis. Venus.	*For one man.*
Knight. Snuf. Small hability Proof. Execution. Attendance. Second Lord.	*For one man.*
Cambiſes. Epilogus.	*For one man*
Prologue. Siſamnes Diligence Crueltie. Hob preparatiõ the 1. Lord	*For one man*
Ambidexter Triall.	*For one man.*
Meretrix. Shame. Otian. Mother. Lady. Queene.	*For one man.*
Yong child. Cupid.	*For one man.*



The Prologue entreth.

AGathon he whose counsail wise to princes weale extended,
By good aduice vnto a prince 3. things he hath commended:
First is that he hath gouernment and ruleth ouer men:
Secondly, to rule with lawes, eke Iustice (saith he) then.
Thirdly, that he must wel conceiue, he may not alwaies raigne:
Lo, thus the rule vnto a prince, Agathon squared plaine.
Tullie the wise whose sapience, in volumes great doth tell:
Who in wisedome, in that time did many men excel.
A Prince (saith he) is of himselfe a plaine and speaking Law:
The law a Schoolmaister deuine, this by his rule I draw.
The sage and wittie Seneca his words thereto did frame:
The honest exercise of Kings, men wil insue the same.
But contrariwise if that a King abuse his kingly seat:
His ignomie and bitter shame in fine shalbe more great.
In Percia there raigned a king, who Cirus hight by name:
Who did deserue as I do read, the lasting blast of fame.
But he, when sisters three had wrought, to shere his vital thred.
As heire due to take the crowne, Cambises did proceed.
He in his youth was trained vp, by trace of vertues lore:
Yet (being King) did cleane forget his perfect race before.
Then cleauing more vnto his wil such vice did immitate:
As one of Icarus his kind, fore warning then did hate.
Thinking that none could him dismay, ne none his fact could see,
Yet at the last a fall he tooke, like Icarus to be.
Els as the fish which oft had take the pleasant bait from hooke:
In safe did spring & pearce the streams when fisher fast did looke
To hoist vp from the watry waues vnto the dried land:
Then skapte at last by suttle bait come to the fishers hand.
Euen so this king Cambises here, when he had wrought his wil

Taking delight the Innocent, his guiltles blod to spil.
Then mighty loue would not permit, to prosecute offence,
But what mesure the king did meat, ỹ same did loue cõmence
To bring to end with shame his race, 2. yeares he did not raign
His cruelty we wil delate, and make the matter plaine.
Craving that this may suffice now, your patience to win:
I take my way, beholde I see, the players comming in.

FINIS.

First enter Cambises the King Knight and Councellor.

Cambises.

My Counsaile graue & sapient with Lords of legall traine,
Attentiue ears towards me bend & mark what shalbe sain
So you likewise my valiant knight whose manly acts doth flie,
By Brute of fame that sounding tromp doth perce the azur sky
My sapient words I say perpend and so your skil delate,
You know that Mors vanquished hath Cirus that king of state.
And I by due inheritance possesse that princely crowne,
Ruling by sword of mighty force in place of great renowne.
You knowe and often haue heard tell my fathers worthy facts,
A manly Marsis heart he bare appearing by his acts.
And what? shall I to ground let fall my fathers golden praise
No, no, I meane for to attempt, this fame more large to raise.
In that that I his sonne succeed his kingly seat as due,
Extend your councell vnto me in that I aske of you.
I am the king of Persia, a large and fertile soile,
The Egyptians against vs repugne, as varlets slaue and vile.
Therfore I mean with Marsis hart, with wars them to frequẽt
Them to subdue as captines mine this is my hearts intent.
So shall I win honors delight, and praise of me shall go,
My Councell speake, and Lordings eke, is it not best do so?

Councell.

Oh puisant king, your blisful words deserues abundant praise,
That you in this do go about, your fathers fame to raise.
Oh blisful day that king so yong, such profit should conceiue,
His fathers praise and his to win, from those that wold deceiue.
Sure my true and soueraigne king, I fall before you prest,
Answere to giue as dutie mine, in that your grace request.

If that your heart adicted be, the Egyptians to conuince,
Through Marſis aid the conqueſt wun, then dad of happy prince.
Shall pearce the ſkies vnto the throne of the ſupernal ſeat,
And merite there a iuſt reward, of Iupiter the great.
But then your grace muſt not turne backe, from this pretenced will,
For to proceed in vertuous life, imploy indeuour ſtil.
Extinguiſh vice, and in that cup to drinke haue no delight,
To martiall feats and kingly ſport, fix all your whole delight.

King.

My councel graue a thouſand thanks, with hart I do you render
That you my caſe ſo proſperous, intirely do tender.
I wil not ſwerue frō thoſe your ſteps, wherto you wold me train
But now my Lord and valiant knight, with words giue anſwer plain
Are you content with me to go, the Marſis games to try?

Lord.

Yea pérerleſſe Prince to aid your grace, my ſelfe wil liue and die

Knight.

And I for my hability, for feare will not turne backe,
But as the ſhip againſt the rocks, ſuſtaine and bide the wracke

King.

Oh willing harts, a thouſand thanks I render vnto you,
Strik vp your drums with corage great, we wil march forth euen now

Councel.

Permit (O king) few words to héer, my duty ſerues no leſſe,
Therfore giue leaue to councel thine, his mind for to expreſſe.

King.

Speake on my councel what it be, you ſhal haue fauor mine.

Councel.

Then wil I ſpeake vnto your grace, as duty doth me bind,
Your grace doth meane for to attempt of war the manly art,
Your grace therein may hap receiue with others for your part,
The dent of death in thoſe affaires, all perſons are alike,
The heart couragious often times, his detriment doth ſéeke.
Its beſt therefore for to permit, a ruler of your land,
To ſit and iudge with equity, when things of right are ſkand.

King.

My grace doth yéld to this your talke, to be thus now it ſhall,

My knight therefore prepare your selfe Sisamnes for to call,
A Iudge he is of prudent skil, euen he shal beare the sway,
In absence mine, when from the land I do depart my way.

Knight.

Your knight before your grace euen heer, himself hath redy prest
With willing heart for to fulfill as your grace made request.

Councel. Exit.

Pleaseth your grace I iudge of him to be a man right fit,
For he is learned in the Law hauing the gift of wit.
In your graces precinct I do not view for it a meeter man,
His learning is of good effect, bring prose thereof I can.
I do not know what is his life, his conscience hid from me,
I dout not but the feare of God before his eies to be.

Lord.

Report declares he is a man that to himselfe is nie,
One that fauoureth much the world and sets to much thereby:
But this I say of certainty, if heer your grace succeed,
In your absence but for a while he wil be warnd indeed:
No iniustice for to frequent, no partiall Iudge to prooue,
But rule all things with equitie, to win your graces loue.

King.

Of that he shall a warning haue, my heasts for to obay,
Great punishment for his offence against him will I lay.

Councel.

Behold I see him now agresse and enter into place.

Sisamnes.

Oh puissant prince & mighty king, the Gods preserue your grace
Your graces message came to me, your wil purporting forth,
With grateful mind I it receiu'd, according to mine oath.
Erecting then my selfe with speed, before your graces eies.
The tenor of your princely wil, from you for to agnise.

King.

Sisamnes, this the whole effect the which for you I sent,
Our mind it is to elenate you to great preferment:
My grace and gracious councel eke hath chose you for this cause
In iudgement you do office beare, which haue the skil in lawes.
We thinke that you accordingly, by iustice rule wil deale,

That

That for offence none shal haue cause of wrong you to appeale.

Sisamnes.

Abundant thankes vnto your grace for this benignity,
To you his Councel in like case, with Lords of clemency,
What so your grace to me permits, if I therein offend:
Such execution then commence, and vse it to this end.
That all other (by that my deed) example so may take:
To admonish them to flee the same, by feare it may them make.

King.

Then according to your words, if you therein offend:
I assure you euen from my brest, correction shall extend,
From Persia I meane to go into the Egypt land:
Them to conuince by force of armes, and win the vpper hand,
While I therefore absent shall be, I doe you full permit:
As gouernour in this my right in that estate to sit.
For to detect and eke correct, those that abuse my grace:
This is the totall of my wil, giue answere in this case.

Sisamnes.

Unworthy much (O prince) am I, and for this gift vnfit,
But sith that it hath pleasd your grace, that I in it must sit,
I do auouch vnto my death, according to my skil:
With equity for to obserue your graces mind and wil.
And nought from it to swarue indeed, but sincerely to stay,
Els let me tast the penalty, as I before did say.

King.

Well then of this authoritie, I giue you ful possession.

Sisamnes.

And I will it fulfil also, as I haue made profession.

King.

My Councel then let vs depart, a finall stay to make,
To Egypt land now forth with speed, my voyage I will take,
Strike vp your drums vs to reioyce, to hear the warlike sound.
Stay you heere Sisamnes Judge, and loke wel to your bound.

Exeunt King, Lord and Councell.

Sisamnes.

Euen now the King hath me extold, and set me vp aloft,
Now may I weare the bordred guard and lie in downe bed soft,

Now

Now may I purchase house and land, and haue all at my wil,
Now may I build a princely place, my mind for to fulfil.
Now may I abrogate the law, as I shall thinke it good.
If any one me now offend, I may demaund his blood.
According to the prouerbe old, my mouth I wil vp make,
Now it doth lie all in my hand, to leaue or els to take.
To deale with iustice to me bound, and so to liue in hope,
But oftentimes the birds be gone, while one for nest doth grope.
Do well or il, I dare auouch some euil on me wil speake,
No truly yet I do not meane, the kings precepts to breake.
To place I meane for to returne my duty to fulfil. Exit.

Enter the Vice with an old Capcase on his head, an olde paile about his hips for harnes, a scummer and a potlid by his side and a rake on his shoulder. Ambidexter.

Stand away stand away for the passion of God,
Harnessed I am prepared to the field:
I would haue bene content at home to haue bod,
But I am sent forth with my speare and shield.

I am appointed to fight against a Snaile,
And Wilkin Wren the ancient shal beare:
I dout not but against him to prouaile,
To be a man my deeds shall declare.

If I ouercome him, then a Butter flie takes his part,
His weapon must be a blew specked Hen:
But you shall see me ouer throw him with a fart.
So without conquest he shal go home againe.

If I ouercome him, I must fight with a flie,
And a blacke pudding the flies weapon must be:
At the first blow on the ground he shall lie.
I wil be sure to thrust him through the mouth to the knee,

To conquest these fellowes the man I wil play:
Ha, ha, ha, now ye wil make me to smile.
To see if I can all men beguile.

Ha, my name, my name would you so faine know:
Yea iwis shal ye, and that with al speed:
I haue forgot it therefore I cannot show.
A, A, now I haue it, I haue it in deed.

My name is Ambidexter, I ſignifie one,
That with both hands finely can play:
Now with King Cambiſes, and by and by gone,
Thus do I run this and that way.
For while I meane with a Souldier to be,
Then giue I a leape to Siſamnes the Iudge:
I dare auouch you ſhall his deſtruction ſée,
To all kinde of eſtates I meane for to trudge.
Ambidexter, nay he is a fellow if ye knew all:
Ceaſe for a while, hereafter heare more ye ſhall.

Enter three Ruffins, Huf, Ruf, and Snuf, ſinging.

Huf.

Gogs fleſh and his wounds theſe warres reioyce my hart,
By his wounds I hope to do well for my part.
By Gogs hart the world ſhall goe hard if I do not ſhift,
At ſome olde Carles budget I meane for to lift.

Ruf.

By his Fleſh, Noſe, Eyes and Eares,
I will venter void of all cares.
He is not a Souldier that doth feare any doubt:
If that he would bring his purpoſe about.

Snuf.

Feare that feare liſt, it ſhall not be I,
By Gogs wounds I will make ſome necke ſtand awry.
If I loſe my ſhare, I ſweare by Gogs hart:
Then let another take vp my parte.

Huf.

Yet I hope to come the richeſt Souldier away:

Ruf.

If a man aſke ye, ye may hap to ſay nay

Snuf.

Let all men get what they can. not to léeſe I hope:
Whereſoeuer I goe, in eche corner I will grope.

Ambidexter.

What and ye runin the corner of ſome prittie maide?

Snuf.

To grope there good fellow I will not be afraid.

Huf.

Gogs wounds what art thou that with vs dooſt mel?
Thou ſæmeſt to be a Souldier the truth to tel.
Thou ſæmeſt to be harneſſed, I cannot tel how:
I thinke he came lately from riding ſome Cow.
Such a deformed ſlaue did I neuer ſæ:
Ruf dooſt thou know him? I pray thée tel me.
Ruf. No by my troth fellow Huf I neuer ſæ him before.

Snuf.

As for me I care not if I neuer ſæ him more.
Come let vs run his arſe againſt the poſte:

Ambidexter.

A ye ſlaues, I will be with you at olle. heere let him
A ye knaues, I wil teach ye how ye ſhal me deride: ſwinge thē
Out of my ſight I can ye not abide. about.
Now goodman poutchmouth, I am a ſlaue with you.
Now haue at ye a freſh againe euen now.
Mine arſe againſt the poſte you will run:
But I wil make you from that ſaying to turn.

Huf.

I beſæch ye hartely to be content:

Ruf.

I inſure you by mine honeſty no hurt we ment.
Beſide that againe we do not know what ye are:
Ye know that Souldiers their ſtoutnes will declare.
Therefore if we haue any thing offended,
Pardon our rudenes and it ſhalbe amended.

Ambidexter.

Yea Gods pittie, begin ye to intreat me?
Haue at ye once againe by the maſſe I will beat ye.

Huf. fight againe.

Gogs hart let vs kill him, ſuffer no longer:

Snuf. draw their ſwords.

Thou ſlaue we will ſæ if thou be the ſtronger.

Ruf.

Ruf.

Strike of his head at one blow:
That we be Souldiers Gogs hart let him know.

Ambidexter.

O the paſſion of God, I haue doon by mine honeſtie.
I will take your part hæraſter verily.

All.

Then come let vs agrée:

Ambidexter.

Shake hands with me, I ſhake hands with thée.
Ye are full of curteſie that is the beſt:
And you take great paine, ye are a mannerly gueſt.
Why maiſters do you not know me? the truth to me tel:

All.

No truſt vs, not very well.

Ambidexter.

Why I am Ambidexter who many ſouldiers do loue.

Huf.

Gogs hart to haue thy company néds we muſt proue.
We muſt play with both hands with our hoſtes and hoſt:
Play with both hands and ſcore on the poſte,
Now and then with our Captain for many a delay:
We wil not ſticke with both hands to play.

Ambidexter.

The honeſter man ye may me truſt.

Enter Meretrix with a ſtaffe on her ſhoulder.

Meretrix.

What? is there no lads hére that hath a luſt:
To haue a paſſing Trul to help at their néd?

Huf.

Gogs hart ſhe is come indéd.
What miſtres Meretrix by his wounds welcome to me:

Meretrix.

What wil ye giue me I pray you let me ſée?
Ruf. By his hart ſhe lokes for gifts by and by.

Meretrix.

What maister Ruf, I cry you mercy,
The last time I was with you I got a broken head:
And lay in the strœt all night for want of a bed.

Snuf.

Gogs wounds kisse me my trull so white:
In thée I sweare is all my delight.
If thou shouldst haue had a broken head for my sake,
I would haue made his head to ake.

Meretrix.

What maister Ambidexter, who looked for you?

Ambidexter.

Mistres Meretrix, I thought not to sée you héere now.
There is no remedy at méeting I must haue a kisse:

Meretrix.

What man? I wil not sticke for that by gisse. kisse.

Ambidexter.

So now gramercy, I pray thée be gone,

Meretrix.

Nay soft my frend I meane to haue one.
Nay soft I sweare, and if ye were my brother,
Before I let go I wil haue another. kisse, kisse, kisse.

Ruf.

Gogs hart the whore would not kisse me yet:

Meretrix.

If I be a whore, thou art a knaue then it is quit.

Huf.

But hearst thou Meretrix, with who this night wilt thou lye

Meretrix.

With him that giueth the most money.

Huf.

Gogs hart, I haue no money in purse ne yet in clout:

Meretrix.

Then get thee hence and packe like a lout.

Huf.

Adieu like a whore. Exit Huf.

Meretrix.

Meretrix.

Farwell like a knaue.

Ruf.

Gogs Nailes, Mistres Meretrix now he is gone:
A match ye shall make straight with me:
I wil giue thee sixpence to lye one night with thée.

Meretrix.

Gogs hart slaue dost thinke I am a sixpeny Jog:
No wis ye Jack I loke a little moze smug.

Snuf.

I will giue her xviij pence to serue me first:

Meretrix.

Gramercy Snuf, thou art not the wurst.

Ruf.

By Gogs hart she were better be hanged, to forsake me & take (thée.

Snuf.

Were she so? that shall we see.

Ruf.

By Gogs hart my Dagger into her I will thrust.

Snuf.

A ye boy, ye would do it and ye durst.

Ambidexter.

Peace my maisters ye shall not fight,
Ye that drawes first I will him smite.

Ruf.

Gogs wounds Maister Snuf are ye so lusty?

Snuf.

Gogs sides Maister Ruf are ye so crusty?

Ruf.

You may happen to see:

Snuf.

Do what thou darest to me. Heer draw & fight,

Heere she must lay on and coyle them both, the Vice must run his way for feare, Snuf fling down his sword and buckler & run his way.

Meretrix.

Gogs sides knaues, saying to fight ye be so rough,
Defend your selues for I will giue ye both inough.
I will teach ye how ye shall fall out for me:
Yea thou slaue Snuf, no more blowes wilt thou bide?
To take thy heeles a time hast thou spied?
Thou villaine seeing Snuf is gone away:
A little better I meane thee to pay.

He falleth downe, she falleth vpon him and beats him, and taketh away his weapons.

Ruf.

Alas good mistres Meretrix no more:
My legs, sides, and armes with beating be sore.

Meretrix.

Thou a Souldier and lose thy weapon:
Goe hence sir boy, say a woman hath thee beaten.

Ruf.

Good mistres Meretrix my weapon let me haue:
Take pittie on me mine honestie to saue.
If it be knowne this repulse I sustaine:
It will redound to my ignomy and shame.

Meretrix.

If thou wilt be my man and waite vpon me:
This Sword and Buckler I wil giue thee.

Ruf.

I will do all at your commaundement:
As seruant to you I wilbe obedient.

Meretrix.

Then let me see how before me you can goe,
When I speake to you you shall doo so.
Of with your cap at place and at boord,
Forsooth mistres Meretrix at euery word.
Tut, tut, in the Campe such Souldiers there be:
One good woman would beat away two or three.
Wel I am sure Customers tarry at home:

Manerly

Manerly before and let vs be gone. Exeunt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the passion of God, be they here still or no?
I durst not abide to see her beat them so.
I may say to you I was in such a fright:
Body of me I see the hears of my head stand upright.
When I saw her so hard upon them lay on,
O the passion of God thought I, she will be with me anon.
I made no maze adoo but avoided the thrust:
And to my legs began for to trust.
And fell a laughing to my self when I was once gone:
It is wisdome (quoth I) by the masse to save one.
Then into this place I intended to trudge:
Thinking to mete Sisamnes the iudge.
Beholde where he commeth I will him met:
And like a gentleman I meane him to greet.

Enter Sisamnes.

Since that the Kings graces maiestie in office did me set:
what abundance of wealth to me might I get. (take
Now and the some vantage I atchiue, much more yet may I
But that I fear vnto ỳ King, that some complaint will make.

Ambidexter.

Iesu maister Sisamnes you are vnwise.

Sisamnes.

Why so? I pray thee let me agnise.
What master Ambidexter, is it you?
Now welcome to me I make God a vow.

Ambidexter.

Iesu Maister Sisamnes with me you are wel acquainted,
By me rulers may be trimly painted.
Ye are vnwise if ye take not time while ye may:
If ye wil not now when ye would ye shall haue nay.
What is he that of you dare make exclamation:
Of your wrong dealing to make explication?
Can you not play with both hands & turn with the winde?

Sisamnes.

Sisamnes.

Beleeue me your words draw deepe in my minde.
In collour wise vnto this day to bribes I haue inclined:
More the same for to frequent of truth I am now minded.
Beholde euen now vnto me suters doo proceed.

Small habilitie.

I beseech you héer good maister iudge a poor mans cause to (tender,
Condemne me not in wrongfull wise that neuer was offēder.
You know right wel my right it is, I haue not for to giue:
you take away from me my due, that should my corps reléeue.
The Commons of you doo complaine, from thē you deuocate:
with anguish great & greuos words their harts do penetrate.
The right you sell vnto the wrong, your priuate gain to win:
You violate the simple man, and count it for no sinne.

Sisamnes.

Hold thy tung thou pratling knaue, and giue to me reward:
Els in this wise I tell thee truth thy tale wil not be heard.
Ambidexter, let vs goe hence, and let the knaue alone.

Ambidexter.

Farwell Small habilitie for helpe now get you none,
Bribes hath corrupt him good lawes to polute: Exeunt

Small habilitie.

A naughty man that will not obay the kings constitute.
with heuy hart I wil return til God redresse my pain. Exit.

Enter Shame with a trump blacke.

Shame.

From among ẏ grisly ghosts I come, from tirants testy train:
Vnseemely Shame of sooth I am procured to make plaine.
The odious faits & shameles déeds ẏ Cambises king doth vse:
All pietie and vertuous life, he doth it cleane refuse.
Lechery and drunkennes he doth it much frequent:
The Tigers kinde to imitate he hath giuen full consent.
He nought esteems his counsel graue, ne vertuous bringing
But dayly stil receiues the drink, of damned vices cup. (vp,
He can hide no instruction, he takes so great delight:

In

In working of iniquitie, for to frequent his spight.
As Fame doth sound ẏ royal trump of worthy men & trim:
so shãe doth blow wͤ strained blast ẏ trump of shame on him.
(Exit.

Enter the King, Lord, Praxaspes, and Sisamnes.

King.

My Judge since my departure hence, haue you vsed iudgemẽt
If faithful steward I ye finde, the same I wil requite. (right?

Sisamnes.

No doubt your grace shal not once hear, ẏ I haue done amis,

Praxaspes.

I much reioyce to heare, so good newes as this.

Enter commons cry running in, speake this verse, and goe out againe hastily.

Commons cry.

Alas, alas, how are the Commons oppressed,
By that vile Judge Sisamnes by name?
I doo not know how it should be redressed.
To amend his life no whit he dooth frame.
We are vndoone and thrown out of doore,
His damnable dealing dooth vs so torment:
At his hand we can finde no releefe nor succour,
God graunt him grace for to repent. Run away crying.

King.

What doleful cries be these my L. that sound do in mine eare?
Intelligence if you can giue, vnto your King declare.
To me it seemeth my Commons al, they doo lament and cry:
Out of Sisamnes iudge most cheefe, euen now standing vs by.

Praxaspes,

Euen so (O king) it seemd to me as you rehearsall made:
I doubt the Judge culpable be, in some respect or trade.

Sisamnes.

Redouted king haue no mistrust, no whit your minde dismay
There is not one that can me charge or ought against me lay.

Enter Commons complaint, with Proofe, and Triall.

Commons complaint.

Commons complaint I represent, with thrall of dolfull state:
By vrgent cause erected forth, my greefe for to dilate.
Unto the king I wil prepare, my miserie to tell:
To haue releefe of this my greefe, and fettered feet so fel.
Redoubted Prince and mighty king, my self I prostrat héere:
Vouchsafe (O king) with me to beare, for this that I appeere.
With humble sute I pardon craue, of your most royall grace:
To giue me leaue my minde to break, before you in this place.

King.

Commons cõplaint kéep nothing back, fear not thy tale to tel
What ere he be within this land, that hath not vsed thée wel.
As princes mouth shal sentence giue, he shal receiue the same:
Unfolde the secrets of thy brest, for I extinguish blame.

Commons complaint.

God preserue your royall grace, and send you blisfull daies:
that all your déeds might stil accord, to giue the God ẏ praise.
My complaint is (O mighty king) against that Iudge you by:
whose careles déeds, gain to receiue, hath made ẏ cõmons cry.
He, by taking bribes and gifts, the poore he doth oppresse:
Taking releefe from Infants yong, widows and fatherles.

King.

Untrustfull traitor and corrupt Iudge, how likest thou this (complaint,
Forewarning I to thée did giue, of this to make restraint.
And hast thou doon this diuelish déed mine ire for to augment?
I sentence giue thou Iudas iudge, thou shalt thy déed repent.

Sisamnes.

O pusant Prince it is not so, his complaint I deny.

Commons complaint.

If it be not so (most mighty king) in place then let me dye.
Behold that I haue brought wͭ me, both Proof & Triall true,
To stand euen héere and sentence giue, what by him did insue.

Proof.

I Proof do him in this appeal, he did the commons wrong:

Uniustly

Vniuſtly he with them hath delt, his grædy was ſo ſtrong.
His hart did couet in to get, he cared not which way:
The poꝛ did læſe their due & right, becauſe they want to pay.
Vnto him foꝛ bꝛibes indeed, this was his wonted vſe:
whereas your grace good lawes did make, he did ỹ ſame abuſe.

Triall.

I Triall heer to verifie, what Proof doth now vnfolde:
To ſtand againſt him in his wꝛong, as now I dare be bolde.

King.

Now likeſt thou this, thou caitiue vile, canſt thou ỹ ſame deny

Siſamnes.

O noble king foꝛgiue my fact, I yeeld to thy mercy.

King.

Complaints and Pꝛoꝛf, redꝛeſſe will I, all this your miſery.
Depart with ſpeed from whence you came,
And ſtraight commaund by me.
The Execution man to come, befoꝛe my grace with haſte:

All.

Foꝛ to fulfill this your requeſt, no time we meane to waſte.

King. Exeunt they three.

My Loꝛd, befoꝛe my grace goe call, Otian this Judges ſonne:
And he ſhal heare and alſo ſee, what his father hath don.
The father he ſhal ſuffer death, the ſonne his rõme ſucceed:
And if that he no better pꝛoue, ſo likewiſe ſhall he ſpæd.

Praxaſpes.

As your grace hath cõmaundment giuen, I mean foꝛ to fulfil:

King. ſtep aſide and fetch him.

Accurſed Judge couldſt thou conſent to do this curſed ill?
Accoꝛding vnto thy demaund, thou ſhalt foꝛ this thy gilt:
Receiue thy death befoꝛe mine eyes, thy blood it ſhalbe ſpilt.

Praxaſpes,

Beholde (O King) Siſamnes ſonne beforе you doth appere.
King. Otian this is my minde, therfoꝛe to me come neere.
Thy father hær foꝛ iudgmẽt wꝛong pꝛocured hath his death:
And thou his ſon ſhalt him ſucceed, whẽ he hath loſt his bꝛeth
And if that thou doſt once offend, as thou ſæſt thy father haue:

In likewise thou shalt suffer death, no mercy shal thee saue.

Otian.

O mighty king, vouchsafe your grace, my father to remit:
Forgiue his fault, his pardon I doo aske of you as yet.
Alas although my father hath your Princely hart offended:
Amends for misse he wil now make, and faults shalbe amēded
In stead of his requested life, pleaseth your grace take mine:
This offer I as tender childe, so duty doth me binde.

King.

Doo not intreat my grace no more, for he shal dye the death:
Where is the Execution man, him to bereaue of breath.

Execution. Enter execution.

At hand and if it like your grace, my duty to dispatch:
In hope that I when dēde is doone, a good reward shall catch.

King.

Dispatch with sword this Judges life, extinguish fear & cares:
So doon, draw thou his cursed skin, strait ouer both his eares.
I wil see the office done, and that before mine eyes.

Execution.

To doo this thing my king commaunds I giue the enterprise.

Sisamnes.

Otian my sonne the king to death by law hath me cōdemned,
And you in roome and office mine, his graces wil hath placed:
Use Justice therefore in this case, and yēeld vnto no wrong:

Otian.

O father dēer, these words to hear, that you must dye by force
Bedews my cheeks wꝫ stilled teares, ẏ King hath no remorce.
The greeuous grēefes and strained sighes,
My hart doth breake in twaine:
And I deplore most woful childe, that I should sēe you slaine.
O false and fickle frowning dame, that turneth as the winde:
Is this the ioy in fathers age, thou me assignest to finde?
O dolefull day, vnhappy houre, that loving childe should sēe:
His Father deer before his face thus put to death should be.
Yet father giue me blessing thine, and let me once imbrace:
Thy comely corps in foulded arms, and kisse thy ancient face.

Sisamnes.

Siſamnes.

O childe thou makes my eyes to run as riuers do by ſtreame:
My leaue I take of thée my ſonne, beware of this my beame.

King.

Diſpatch euen now thou man of death no longer ſæm to ſtay:

Execution.

Come M. Siſamnes, come on your way, my office I muſt pay.
Forgiue therfore my dæd.

Siſamnes.

I do forgiue it thée my frænd, diſpatch therfore with ſpæd.
Smite him in the neck with a ſword to ſignifie his death.

Praxaſpes.

Beholde (O king how he doth bleed, being of life bereft:

King.

In this wiſe he ſhall not yet be left.
Pull his ſkin ouer his eyes to make his death more vile:
A wretch he was, a cruell theefe my commons to beguile.
Flea him with a falſe skiu.

Otian.

What childe is he of natures mould, could bide the ſame to ſée
His Father fleaed in this wiſe? Oh how it greeueth me.

King.

Otian, thou ſeeſt thy father dead, and thou art in his rome:
If thou beeſt proud as he hath beene euen thereto ſhalt thou (come.

Otian.

O king, to me this is a glaſſe, with greeſe in it I view
Exaunple that vnto your grace I do not proue vntrue.

Praxaſpes.

Otian, conuay your father hence, to tomb where he ſhall lye:

Otian.

And if it pleaſe your Lordſhip, it ſhall be done by and by.
God Executionman for need, helpe me with him away:

Execution.

I wil fulfill as you to me did ſay. They take him away.

King.

My L. now that my grace hath ſeen, that finiſht is this deed,

To question mine giue tentiue eare,
And answere make with spæd.
Haue not I don a gratious deed, to redresse my cõmons woe?

Praxaspes.

Yea truely if it please your grace, ye haue indæd don so.
But now (O king) in freendly wise, I councel you in this:
Certain vices for to leaue, that in you placed is.
The vice of drunkennes (Oh king) which doth you sore infect:
With other great abuses, which I wish you to detect.

King.

Peace my Lord, what needeth this? of this I will not heare:
To pallace now I will returne, and thereto make good cheere.
God Baccus he bestows his gifts, we haue good store of wine
And also that the Ladies be, both passing braue and fine.
But stay, I see a Lord now come, and eke a valiant knight:
What news my Lord? to see you heer, my hart it doth delight

Enter Lord, and Knight to meet the King.

Lord.

No news (O king) but of duty come, to wait vpon your grace

King.

I thank you my L. louing Knight, I pray you with me trace.
My Lords and Knight I pray ye tel, I wil not be offended:
Am I worthy of any crime once to be reprehended?

Praxaspes.

The Persians much do praise your grace, but one thing dis-commend:
In that to wine subiect you be, wherin you doo offend.
Sith that ỹ might of wines effect, doth oft subdue your brain:
My counsel is to please their harts, from it you would refrain

Lord.

No, no, my Lord, it is not so, for this of Prince they tel:
For vertuous proofe and princely facts, Cirus he doth excel.
By ỹ his grace by conquest great, the Egiptians did conuince:
Of him report abroad doth passe, to be a worthy Prince.

Knight.

In person of Cresus I answer make, we may not his grace (compare,

In

In whole reſpect for to be like, Cirus the kings father. (hinde:
In ſo much your grace hath yet no childe, as Cirus left be-
Euen you I meane, Cambiſes king, in whom I fauour finde.

King.

Creſus ſaid well in ſaying ſo, but Praxaſpes tel me why:
That to my mouth in ſuch a ſort thou ſhould auouch a lye.
Of drunkenes me thus to charge, but thou with ſpæd ſhalt ſée
Whether that I a ſober King, or els a drunkard be.
I know thou haſt a bliſſfull babe, wherin thou dooſt delight:
Ye to reuenge of theſe thy words, I wil go wreke this ſpight
When I the moſt haue taſted wine, my bow it ſhalbe bent:
At hart of him euen then to ſhoote, is now my whole intent.
And if that I his hart can hit, the king no drunkard is:
If hart of his I doo not kill, I yeeld to thee in this.
Therfore Praxaſpes fetch to me, thy yongeſt ſon with ſpeed:
There is no way I tell thee plaine, but I wil doo this deed.

Praxaſpes.

Redoubted Prince ſpare my ſweet childe, he is mine only ioy:
I truſt your grace to infants hart, no ſuch thing will imploy.
If that his mother hear of this, ſhe is ſo nigh her flight:
In clay her corps wil ſoone be ſhrinde, to paſſe frō worlds de-
(light.

King.

No more adoe, go fetch me him, it ſhalbe as I ſay:
And if that I doo ſpeak the word, how dare ye once ſay nay:

Praxaſpes.

I wil go fetch him to your grace, but ſo I truſt it ſhall not be:

King.

For feare of my diſpleaſure great, goe fetch him vnto me.
Is he gone: now by the Gods I will doo as I ſay:
My Lord therfore fill me ſome wine, I hartely you pray.
For I muſt drinke to make my braine ſomewhat intoricate:
When that the wine is in my head, oh trimly I can prate.

Lord.

Heere is the cup with filled wine, thereof to take repaſt:

King.

Giue it me to drinke it off, and ſee no wine be waſt. Drink

Once

Once againe inlarge this cup, for I must taſt it ſtil. Drink
By the Gods I think of pleſant wine, I cannot take my fill.
Now drink is in giue me my bow, and arrows frō sir Knight:
At hart of childe I meane to ſhoot, hoping to cleue it right.

Knight.

Behold (O king) where he doth come, his infant yong in hand:

Praxaſpes.

O mighty King your grace beheſt with ſorrow I haue ſtand.
And brought my childe fro mothers knée, before you to appear
And ſhe thereof no whit doth know that he in place is heer.

King.

Set him vp my marke to be, I will ſhoot at his hart:

Praxaſpes.

I beſeech your grace not ſo to doo, ſet this pretence a part.
Farewel my deer and louing babe, come kiſſe thy father déer:
A greeuous ſight to me it is, to ſee thee ſlaine euen heere.
Is this the gaine now from the king, for giuing councell good:
Before my face with ſuch deſpight, to ſpil my ſons hart blood?
O heauy day to me this is, and mother in like caſe.

Yong childe.

O Father, Father, wipe your face,
I ſee the teares run from your eye:
My mother is at home ſowing of a band,
Alas deere father, why doo you cry?

King. (minde to fulfill:

Before me as a mark now let him ſtand, I will ſhoot at him my

Yong childe.

Alas, alas, Father wil you me kill? (of all:
God maſter king doo not ſhoot at me, my mother loues me beſt

King.

I haue diſpatched him, down he doth fall. Shoot
As right as a line his hart I haue hit:
Nay thou ſhalt ſee Praxaſpes, ſtranger newes yet.
My knight with ſpeed his hart cut out, and giue it vnto me:

Knight.

It ſhalbe doon (O mighty king) with all feleritie.

Lord.

Lord. (walking:

My Lord Praxaſpes, this had not bẽn, but your tung muſt be
To the king of correction you muſt nœds be talking.

Praxaſpes.

No correction my Lord, but councel for the beſt:

Knight.

Hære is the hart, according to your graces beheſt.

King.

Beholde Praxaſpes thy Sonnes owne hart,
Oh how well the ſame was hit:
After this wine to dw this dœd, I thought it very fit.
Eſtæm thou maiſt right well therby, no drunkard is ỳ King:
That in the midſt of all his cups, could dw this valiant thing.
My Lord and Knight on me attend, to pallace we will goe:
And leaue him hẽr to take his ſon, when we are gone him fro.

All.

With al our harts we giue conſent, to wait vpon your grace:

Praxaſpes.

A wofull man O Lord am I, to ſee him in this caſe.
My daies I dœm deſires their end, this dœd wil help me hẽce:
To haue the bloſſoms of my feeld, deſtroyed by violence.

Enter Mother.

Alas, alas, I dw heare tell, the King hath kild my Sonne:
If it be ſo, wo worth the deed, that euer it was dwne.
It is euen ſo, my Lord I ſee, how by him he dooth wæpe:
What ment I that from hands of him, this childe I did not (keepe:
Alas husband and Lord, what did you meane,
To fetch this childe away?

Praxaſpes.

O Lady wife I little thought for to haue ſæne this day.

Mother.

O bliſſful babe, O ioy of womb, harts comfort and delight:
For councel giuen vnto the King, is this thy iuſt requite?
O heuy day and dolefull time, theſe mourning tunes to make:
With blubred eies into mine armes frõ earth I wil thẽ take.
And wrap thee in mine apron white, but oh my heauy hart:

The ſpiteful pangs ẏ it ſuſtains, wold make it in two to part.
The death of this my Sonne to ſée, O heuy mother now:
That from thy ſwéet & ſugred ioy, to ſorrow ſo ſhouldſt bow.
What gréef in womb did I retain, before I did thée ſee: (me.
Yet at the laſt when ſmart was gone, what ioy wert thou to
How tender was I of thy food, for to preſerue thy ſtate:
How ſtilled I thy tender part, at times early and late:
With veluet paps I gaue thée ſuck, with iſſue from my breſt:
And danced thée vpon my knée, to bring thée vnto reſt.
Is this the ioy of thée I reap (O King) of tigers brod:
Oh tigers whelp hadſt thou ẏ hart, to ſée this childs hart blod.
Nature inforſeth me alas, in this wiſe to deplore:
to wring my hands O welaway, that I ſhould ſee this houre.
Thy mother yet wil kiſſe thy lips, ſilk ſoft and pleaſant white:
With wringing hands, lamenting ſor to ſée thée in this plight
My Lording déer let vs goe home our mourning to augment.

Praxaſpes.

My Lady deer with heauy hart, to it I doo conſent.
Betwéen vs both ẏ childe to bere vnto our lordly place. Exeũt

Enter Ambidexter.

Indéed as ye ſay, I haue been abſent a long ſpace.
But is not my Coſin cutpurſe, with you in the meane time:
To it, to it Coſin, and dw your office fine.
How like you Siſamnes for vſing of me:
He plaid with both hands, but he ſped ilfauourdly.
The King himſelfe was godly vp trained:
He profeſſed vertue, but I think it was fained.
He plaies with both hands, good deeds and ill:
But it was no good déed Praxaſpes ſonne for to kill.
As he for the good deed, on the Iudge was commended,
For all his déeds els he is reprehended.
The moſt euill diſpoſed perſon that euer was,
All the ſtate of his life he would not let paſſe.
Some good deeds he will do, though they be but few:
The like things this tirant Cambiſes doth ſhew.

No goodnes from him, to none is exhibited:
But ſtill malediction abroad is diſtributed.
And yet ye ſhall ſee in the reſt of his race:
What infamy he will worke againſt his owne grace.
Whiſt, no more words, heere comes the Kings brother.

Enter Lord Smirdis, with Attendance & Diligence.

Smirdis.

The Kings brother by birth am I, iſſued from Cirus loynes:
A greefe to me it is to heare, of this the kings repines.
I like not well of thoſe his deeds, that he doth ſtill frequent:
I wiſh to God that other waies, his minde he could content.
Yong I am and next to him, no moe of vs there be:
I would be glad a quiet Realme in this his reign to ſee.

Attendance.

My Lord your good a willing hart, the Gods will recompence
In that your minde ſo penſiue is, for thoſe his great offence.
My Lord, his grace ſhall haue a time, to paire and to amend:
Happy is he that can eſcape, and not his grace offend.

Diligence.

If that wicked vice he could refraine, from waſting wine (bere:
A moderate life he would frequent, amending this his ſquare-

Ambidexter.

My Lord, and if your honor it ſhall pleaſe:
I can informe you what is beſt for your eaſe.
Let him alone, of his deeds doo not talke:
Then by his ſide, ye may quietly walke.
After his death you ſhalbe King,
Then may you reforme eche kinde of thing.
In the meane time liue quietly, doo not with him deale:
So ſhall it redound much to your weale.

Smirdis.

Thou ſaiſt true my freend, that is the beſt:
I know not whether he loue me, or doo me deteſt.

Attendance.

Leane from his company all that you may:

I faithfull Attendance wil your honor obay.
If against your honor he take any ire:
His grace is as like to kindle his fire.
To your honors destruction as otherwise:

Diligence.

Therfore my Lord take good aduise.
And I Diligence your case wil so tender:
That to his grace your honor shalbe none offender.

Smirdis.

I thank you both intire freends, with my honor stil remaine:

Ambidexter.

Beholde where the king doth come with his train.

Enter King and a Lord.

King.

O Lording deer and brother mine, I ioy your state to see.
Surmising much what is the cause, you absent thus from me.

Smirdis.

Pleaseth your grace, no absence I, but redy to fulfill:
At all assaies my Prince and King, in that your grace me wil.
What I can doo in true defence, to you my Prince aright:
In readines I alwaies am, to offer forth my might.

King.

And I the like to you againe doo heer auouch the same.

All.

For this your good agreement heer, now praised be Gods (name.

Ambidexter.

But heare ye noble Prince, harke in your eare.
It is best to doo as I did declare.

King.

My Lord and brother Smirdis now, this is my minde & will:
That you to Court of mine returne, and there to tary still.
Till my returne within short space, your honor for to greet:

Smirdis.

At your behest so wil I doo, till time againe we meet.
My leaue I take from you O King, euen now I doo departe.

Exeunt Smirdis, Attendance and Diligence.

King.

King.

Farwel Lord and brother mine, farwel with all my hart.
My Lord, my brother Smerdis is, of youth and manly might:
And in his ſweet and pleaſant face my hart doth take delight.

Lord.

Yea noble prince, if that your grace before his honor dye:
He wil ſucceede a vertuous King, and rule with equitie.

King.

As you haue ſaid my Lord, he is cheefe heire next my grace:
And if I dye to morrow next, he ſhall ſucceed my place.

Ambidexter.

And if it pleaſe your grace O King, I heard him ſay
For your death vnto the God, day and night he did pray.
He would liue ſo vertuouſly, and get him ſuch a praiſe:
That Fame by trump his due deſerts in honor ſhould vpraiſe
He ſaid your grace deſerued had, the curſing of all men:
that ye ſhould neuer after him get any praiſe againe.

King.

Did beſpeake thus of my grace, in ſuch deſpightful wiſe?
Or els dooſt thou preſume to fill my princely eares with lyes?

Lord.

I cannot think it in my hart, that he would rēport ſo.

King.

How ſaiſt thou? ſpeak the truth, was it ſo or no?

Ambidexter.

I thinke ſo if it pleaſe your grace, but I cannot tell:

King.

Thou plaiſt with both hands, now I perceiue wall:
But for to put al doubts aſide, and to make him leeſe his hope
He ſhall dye by dint of Sword, or els by choking Rope.
Shall he ſucceed when I am gone, to haue more praiſe then I:
Were he Father as brother mine, I ſwere that he ſhal dye.
To pallaice mine I will therefore, his death for to purſue.

Ambidexter. Exit

Are ye gone? ſtraight way I will follow you.
How like ye now my maiſters? doth not this geere cotten?

The proverbe olde is verified, soone ripe and soone rotten.
He wil not be quiet til his brother be kild:
His delight is wholly to haue his blood spild.
Mary sir I tolde him a notable lye,
If it were to doo againe, I durst doo it I.
Mary when I had don, to it I durst not stand:
Therby you may perceiue I vse to play with eche hand.
But how now Cosin cutpurse with whom play you?
Take hed for his hand is groping euen now.
Cosin take hed, if you doo secretly grope:
If ye be taken Cosin, ye must looke through a rope. Exit.

Enter Lord Smirdis alone.

I am wandring alone heere and there to walke.
The Court is so vnquiet, in it I take no ioy:
Solitary to my selfe now I may talke,
If I could rule I wist what to say.

Enter Cruelty and Murder with bloody hands,

Cruelty.

My coequall partner Murder, come away.
From me long thou maist not stay.

Murder.

Yes from thee I may stay, but not thou from me:
Therfore I haue a prerogatiue aboue thee.

Cruelty.

But in this case we must togither abide:
Come, come, Lord Smirdis I haue spide.
Lay hands on him with all festination:
that on him we may worke our indignation.

Smirdis.

How now my freends, what haue you to doo with me?

Murder.

King Cambises hath sent vs vnto thee.
Commanding vs straightly, without mercy or fauour:
Vpon thée to bestow our behauiour.
With Cruelty to murder you, and make you away.

Smirdis.

Smirdis. *Strike him in diuers places*

Yet pardon me I hartely you pray:
Conſider the King is a tirant tirannious:
And all his doings be damnable and parnitious.
Fauour me therfore, I did him neuer offend:

Cruelty. *A little bladder of Vineger prickt.*

No fauour at all, your life is at an end.
Euen now I ſtrike his body to wound:
Beholde now his blood ſpringes out on the ground.

Murder.

Now he is dead, let vs preſent him to the king:

Cruelty.

Lay to your hand away him to bring. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ambidexter.

O the paſſion of God, yonder is a heuy Court:
Some weepes, ſome wailes, and ſome make great ſport.
Lord Smirdis by Cruelty and Murder is ſlaine:
But Ieſus for want of him how ſome doo complaine.
If I ſhould haue had a thouſand pound, I could not forbeare (weeping:
Now Ieſus haue his bleſſed ſoule in keeping.
Ah, good Lord, to think on him, how it dooth me greeue:
I cannot forbeare weeping, ye may me beleeue. *Weep*
O my hart, how my pulſes do beate,
With ſorrowfull lamentations I am in ſuch a heate.
Ah my hart how for him it doth ſorrow:
May I haue done in faith now, and God giue ye good morrow
Ha, ha, weep, nay laugh, with both hands to play:
The king through his cruelty hath made him away,
But hath not he wrought a moſt wicked deed:
Becauſe King after him he ſhould not proceed.
His owne naturall brother, and hauing no more:
To procure his death by violence ſore.
In ſpight becauſe his brother ſhould neuer be King:
His hart being wicked, conſented to this thing.
Now he hath no more Brothers nor kinred aliue:
If the King vſe this geere ſtill, he cannot long thriue.

Hob.

Enter Hob and Lob.

Hob.

Gods hat neighbour come away, its time to market to goe,

Lob.

Gods Mast Naybor zay ye zo:
The Clock hath stricken vive ich think by laken:
Bum bay brom sleep cham not very well waken.
Bnt naybor Hob, naybor Hob, what haue ye to zel:

Hob.

Bum troth naybor Lob to you I chil tel.
Chaue two Goslings, and a Chine of Bozke:
there is no batter between this and Bozke.
Chaue a pot of Strawberies and a Calues head:
A zennight zince to morrow it hath bin dead.

Lob.

Chaue a scoze of Egges, and of Butter a pound:
Yesterday a nest of godly yong Rabits I bound.
Chaue bozty things mo of moze and of lesse:
My brain is not very god them to expresse.
But Gods hat Naybor, wotst what?

Hob.

No not wel Naybor, whats that?

Lob.

Bum bay Naybor, maister King is a zhrode lad.
Zo God help me and holidam, I think the bol be mad.
Zome zay he deale cruelly his Brother he did kill:
And also a godly yung lads hart blod he did spill.

Hob.

Mozbod of God naybor, has he plaid zuch a bolish deed:

Ambidexter.

Godman Hob and godman Lob, God be your speed.
As you two towards market dow walke:
Of the Kings cruelty I did heare you talke.
I insure you, he is a king most vile and parnitious:
His dowings and life are odious and vicious.
Lob. It were a god deed zome body would break his head.

Hob.

Hob.

Bum bay Naybor Lob, I chuld he were dead.

Ambidexter.

So would I Lob and Hob with all my hart:
Now with both hands will you ſee me play my parte:
A ye Whorſon traitorly Knaues:
Hob and Lob out vpon you ſlaues.

Lob.

And thou call me knaue thou art another:
My name is Lob, and Hob my next Naybor.

Ambidexter.

Hob and Lob, a ye Cuntry patches:
A ye fooles ye haue made wrong matches.
Ye haue ſpoken treaſon againſt the Kings grace:
For it I will accuſe ye before his face.
Then for the ſame ye ſhalbe martered,
At the leaſt ye ſhalbe hangd drawne and quartered.

Hob.

O gentleman ye ſhal haue two Pearepyes and tel not of me.

Lob.

By God a bat Gwce chil giue thee:
I think no hurt by my Fathers ſoule I zweare.

Hob.

Chaue lined wel all my life time my naybors among:
And now chuld be loth to come to zuch wrong.
To be hanged and quartered the greefe would be great:

Lob.

A foule euil on thee Hob, who bid thee on it treat:
For it was thou that firſt did him name.

Hob.

Thou lyeſt like a varlet, and thou zaiſt the zame.
It was zuch a fooliſh Lob as thou:

Lob. Speak many words and by cods nailes I bow.
Vpon thy pate my ſtaffe I will lay.

Ambidexter.

By the maſſe I will cauſe them to make a fray.

Yea Lob thou saist true, all came through him.

Lob.

Bum bay thou Hob, a little would make me ye trim.
Giue thee a zwap on thy nose till thy hart ake:

Hob.

If thou daresst dw it els man cry creke.
I trust before thou hurt me:
With my staffe chil make a Lob of thee.

Heer let them fight with their staues, not come neer an other by three or foure yardes, the Vice set them on as hard as he can, one of their wiues come out and all to beat the Vice, he run away.

Enter Marian may be good, Hobs wife running in with a Broome and parte them.

Marian.

O the body of me husband Hob, what meane ye to fight?
For the passion of God, no more blowes smite.
Neighbours and freends so long, and now to fall out:
What: in your age to seeme so stout?
If I had not parted ye, one had kild another:

Lob.

I had not cared I swere by Gods mother.

Marian.

Shake hands againe at the request of me:
As ye haue been freends, so freends still be.

Hob.

Bum troth cham content, and zaist word neighbour Lob.

Lob.

I am content agréed neighbor Hob.

Shake hands and laugh hartily one at another.

Marian.

So, get you to market, no longer stay.
And with yonder knaue let me make a fray.

Hob.

Content wife Marian, chil dw as thou dwst say:

But

But buſſe me ich pray thee at going away. Exeũt Hob Lob.

Marian. (fight:

Thou whoreſon knaue and prickeard boy, why didſt ẏlet them
If one had kild another heer, couldſt thou their deaths requite
It bearcs a ſigne by this thy deed, a cowardly knaue thou art:
Els wouldſt thou draw ẏ weapon thine, like a knaue them to

Ambidexter. (parte

What Marian may be good, are you come prating?
Ye may hap get a box on the eare with your talking.
If they had kild one another, I had not cared a peaſe.

Heer let her ſwinge him in her brome, ſhe gets him down and he her down, thus one on the top of another make paſtime.

Marian.

A villain, my ſelfe on thee I muſt eaſe.
Giue me a box on the eare: that will I try:
Who ſhalbe Maiſter thou ſhalt ſee by and by.

Ambidexter.

O no more, no more I beſeech you hartily: Run his way
Euen now I ẏeld, and giue you the maiſtry. out while
Marian. ſhe is down.

A thou knaue, dooſt thou throw me down and run the way?
If he were heere againe, oh how I would him pay.
I will after him, and if I can him mãt:
With theſe my nailes his face I wil greet.

Enter Venus leading out her ſonne Cupid blinde, he muſt haue a bow and two ſhafts, one headed with golde and th'other with lead.

Venus.

Come forth my ſonne vnto my words attẽtiue eares reſigne:
What I pretend ſee you frequent, to force this game of mine.
The King a kinſwoman hath, adornd with beauty ſtore:
And I wiſh that Dianas gifts, they twain ſhal kẽp no more.
But vſe my ſiluer ſugred game, their ioyes for to augment:
When I doo ſpeak to wound his hart, Cupid my Son conſẽt.
And ſhoot at him: the ſhaft of loue, that beares ẏ head of golde.

To wound his hart in louers wise, his greefe for to vnfolde.
Though kin she be vnto his grace, that nature me expell:
Against the course thereof he may, in my game please me wel.
Wherfore my sonne do not forget, forthwith pursue the deed:

Cupid.

Mother I meane for to obay, as you haue whole decreed.
But you must tel me mother deere, when I shal arrow draw:
Els your request to be attaind, wil not be worth a straw.
I am blinde and cannot see, but stil doo shoot by gesse:
The Poets wel in places store, of my might do expresse.

Venus.

Cupid my son when time shal serue, ỹ thou shalt do this deed:
Thé warning I to thee wil giue, but see thou shoot with speed.

Enter a Lord, a Lady, and a waiting maid.

Lord.

Lady deer to king a kin, forthwith let vs proceed:
To trace abroad the beauty fields, as erst we had decreed.
The blowing buds whose sauery sents our sence wil much delight
the sweet smel of musk white rose, to please ỹ appetite.
The chirpig birds whose plesãt tunes therin shal bear record
That our great ioy we shall it finde, in feld to walk abroad.
On Lute and Cittern there to play a heauenly harmony:
Our eares shall heare, hart to content, our spoyts to beautify.

Lady.

Vnto your words most comely Lord, my selfe submit do I:
To trace with you in feld so green, I meane not to deny.

heere trace vp and downe playing.

Maid.

And I your waiting maid at hand, with diligence will be:
For to fulfil wt hart and hand, when you shal commaund me.

Enter, King, Lord and knight.

King.

Come on my Lord & knight abroad, our mirth let vs imploy:
Since he is dead this hart of mine, in corps I feel it ioy. (breth
Should brother mine haue raigned king, when I had yelded
A thousand brothers I rather had, to put them all to death.

But

But oh, beholde where I doe ſee, a Lord and Lady faire:
For beauty ſhe moſt worthy is, to ſit in Princes chaire.

Venus. (hart:

Shoot forth my Son now is the time ẏ thou muſt wound his

Cupid.

Content you Mother I will doe my parte.

Shoote there, and goe out Venus and Cupid.

King.

Of truth my Lord in eye of mine, all Ladies ſhe doth excell:
Can none reporte what dame ſhe is, and to my grace it telle

Lord.

Redouted Prince pleaſeth your grace, to you ſhe is a kin:
Coſin Iarmin nigh of birth, by mothers ſide come in.

Knight.

And that her waiting maiden is attending her vpon:
Ye is a Lord of Princes Court and wil be there anon.
They ſport themſelues in pleaſant fæld, to former vſed vſe:

King

My Lord & knight of truth I ſpeak, my hart it cannot chuſe.
But with my Lady I muſt ſpeake and ſo erpreſſe my minde:
My Lord and Ladyes walking there, if you wil fauour finde.
Preſent your ſelues vnto my grace, and by my ſide come ſtād:

Firſt Lord.

We wil fulfil moſt mighty king, as your grace doth cōmaund

King.

Lady deere, intelligence my grace hath got of late:
You iſſued out of mothers ſtocke, and kin vnto my ſtate.
Accoʒding to rule of birth you are, Coſin Iarmin mine:
Yet do I wiſh that farther of, this kinred I could finde.
For Cupid he that eyleſſe boy, my hart hath ſo enflamed:
With beauty you me to content, the like camot be named.
For ſince I entred in this place, and on you firſt mine eyes:
Moſt burning fits about my hart, in ample wiſe did riſe.
The heat of thē ſuch force doth yeld my corps they ſcorch alas
And burns the ſame with waſting heat, as Titan doth ẏ gras
And ſith this heat is kindled ſo, and freſh in hart of me:

There is no way but of the same, the quencher you must be.
My meaning is ỳ beauty yours my hart with loue doth woũd
to giue me loue, minde to contẽt, my hart hath you out found.
And you are she must be my wife, els shall I end my daies.
Consent to this & be my Quẽn, to weare ỳ crown with praise
Lady. (quest.
If it pleasd your grace (O mighty king) you shall not this re-
It is a thing that natures course, doth vtterly detest.
And high it would the God displease, of all that is the worst:
To graunt your grace to marry so, it is not I that durst.
Yet humble thanks I render now vnto you mighty King:
That you vouchsafe to great estate, so gladly would me bring
Were it not it were offence, I would it not deny:
But such great honor to atchiue, my hart I would apply.
Therfore O King with humble hart, in this I pardon craue:
Mine answer is in this request, your minde ye may not haue.
King.
May I not: nay then I will by all the Gods I dow,
And I will marry thee as wife, this is mine answere now.
Who dare say nay what I prẽtẽd, who dare the same wõstand?
Shal lose his head & haue reporte, as traitor through my lãd.
There is no nay I wil you haue, and you my Quẽne shalbe:
Lady. (me.
Thẽ mighty king I craue your grace to heare the words of
Your councel take of Lordings wit, the lawes aright peruse:
If I with safe may graunt this deed, I will it not refuse.
King.
No, no, what I haue said to you, I meane to haue it so:
For councel theirs I mean not I, in this respect to goe.
But to my Pallace let vs goe, the mariage to prepare:
For to auoid my wil in this, I can it not forbeare.
Lady.
O God forgiue me if I dow amisse:
The king by compultion inforceth me this.
Maid.
Vnto the Gods for your estate I will not cease to pray:
That

That you may be a happy Queen and see most ioyfull day.

King.

Come on my Lords with glad some harts,
Let vs reioyce with glee:
Your Musick shew to ioy this deed, at the request of me.

Both.

For to obey your graces words our honors do agree. Exeũt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the passion of me, mary as ye say, yonder is a royal Court:
There is triumphing and sporte vpon sporte.
Such loyall Lords, with such Lordly exercise:
Frequenting such passime as they can deuise.
Running at tilt, Iusting, with running at the ring:
Masking and mumming with eche kinde of thing.
Such daunsing, such singing, with musicall harmony.
Beleeue me I was loth to absent their company. (maried:
But wil you beleeue? Iesu what hast they made till they were
not for a milion of poũds one day lõger they would haue taried
Oh there was a banquet royall and superexcellent:
Thousands, and thousands at that banquet was spent.
I muse of nothing but how they can be maried so soone:
I care not if I be maried before to morrow at noone.
If mariage be a thing that so may be had:
How say you maid: to marry me wil ye be glad.
Out of doubt I beleeue it is some excellent treasure:
Els to the same belongs abundant pleasure.
Yet with mine eares I haue heard some say:
That euer I was maried, now cursed be the day.
Those be they with curst wiues be matched:
That husband for haukes meat, of them is vp snatched.
Head broke with a bedstaffe, face all to be scratched.
Knaue, slaue, and villain, a coyle to rote now and than:
When the wife hath giuen it, she will say alas good man.
Such were better vnmarried my masters I trow:
Then all their life after to be matched with a shrow.

Enter

Enter Preparation.

With speed I am sent all things to prepare:
My message to doe as the king did declare.
His grace doth meane a banquet to make:
Meaning in this place repast for to take.
Wel the cloth shalbe laid and all things in redines,
To Court to return when doon is my busines.

Ambidexter.

A proper man and also fit:
For the kings estate to prepare a banquet.

Preparation.

What Ambidexter? thou art not unknowen:
A mischase on all good faces, so that I curse not mine owne.
Now in the knaues name shake hands with me,

Ambidexter.

Wel said goodman pouchmouth your reuerence I see,
I will teach ye, if your manners no better be.
A ye slaue, the king doth me a gentleman allow:
Therfore I loke that to me ye should bow. Fight.

Preparation.

God maister Ambidexter, pardon my behauiour:
For this your deeds, you are a knaue for your labour.

Ambidexter.

Why ye scale counterly villain, nothing but Knaue. fight.

Preparation.

I am sorry your maistership offended I haue.
Shake hands that betweene vs agreement may be:
I was ouershot with my selfe, I do see.
Let me haue your helpe this furniture to prouide:
The king from this place wil not long abide.

Set the fruit on the boord.

Ambidexter.

Content, it is the thing that I would wish:
I my selfe wil goe fetch one dish.

Let the Vice fetch a dish of Nuts, and let them fall in the bringing of them in.

Preparation.

Preparation.

Clenly maister Ambidexter, for faire on the ground they lye:

Ambidexter.

I will haue them vp againe by and by.

Preparation.

To sée all in redines I will put you in trust:
There is no nay to the Court néeds I must. Exit Preparation.

Ambidexter.

Haue ye no doubt but all shalbe wel:
Mary sir as you say, this géer dooth excell.
All things is in a readines, when they come hither:
the Kings grace and the Quéene both togither.
I beséech ye my maisters tell me is it not best:
that I be so bolde as to bid a guest?
He is as honest a man as euer spurd Cow:
My Cosin cutpursse I meane, I beséech ye iudge you:
Beleeue me Cosin if to be the kings guest ye could be taken:
I trust that offer will neuer be forsaken.
But Cozin because to that office ye are not like to come:
Frequent your exercises, a horne on your thum.
A quick eye, a sharpe knife, at hand a receiuer:
But then take héed Cosin ye be a clenly conuayour.
Content your selfe Cosin, for this banquet you are vnfit:
When such as I at the same am vnworthy to sit.

Enter King, Queene, and his traine.

King.

My Quéen and Lords to take repast, let vs attempt the same:
Héer is the place delay no time, but to our purpose frame.

Queene.

With willing harts your whole behest, we minde for to obay:

All.

And we the rest of Princes traine, will doo as you doo say.

King. sit at the banquet.

Me think mine eares doth wish the sound of musicks harmony:
Héer for to play before my grace in place I would them spy.

Play at the banquet.

Ambidexter.

They be at hand sir with sticke and fiddle,
They can play a new daunce called hey diddle diddle.

King.

My Quéne pet pend what I pronounce I will not violate:
But one thing which my hart makes glad, I minde to explicate.
You know in Court vp trained is, a Lyon very yong:
Of one litter two whelps beside, as yet not very strong.
I did request one whelpe to sée, and this yong Lyon fight:
But Lion did the whelpe conuince, by strength of force & might.
His brother whelpe perceiuing that the Lion was too good:
And he by force was like to sée, the other whelp his blood.
With force to Lyon he did run, his brother for to helpe:
A wonder great it was to see that frendship in a whelpe.
So then the whelps betwéen them both the Lyon did conuince:
which thing to see before mine eyes, did glad the hart of Prince.

At this tale tolde let the Queene weep.

Queene. (eyes.

These words to heare makes stilling teares, issue from christall

King.

What dost thou meane my spouse to wéep, for losse of any prise.

Queene.

No, no, O King, but as you see, freendship in brothers whelp:
When one was like to haue repulse, the other yelded helpe.
And was this fauour shewd in dogs, to shame of royall King:
Alack I wish these eares of mine, had not once heard this thing.
Euen so should you (O mighty King) to brother béene a stay:
And not without offence to you, in such wise him to slay.
In all assaies it was your part, his cause to haue defended:
And who so euer had him misused, to haue them reprehended.
But faithfull loue was more in Dog, then it was in your grace:

King.

O cursed caitiue vicious and vile, I hate thée in this place.
This banquet is at an end, take all these things away:
Before my face thou shalt repent, the words that thou dost say.
O wretch most vile, didst ỹ the cause of brother mine so tender?

The

The loſſe of him ſhould grǽue thy hart, he being none offender.
It did me good his death to haue, ſo will it to haue thine:
What frændſhip he had at my hands, ỳ ſame euen ỳ ſhalt finde.
I giue conſent and make a vow, that thou ſhalt dye the death:
By Cruels ſwoꝛd and Murder fel, euen thou ſhalt loſe thy bꝛeth
Ambidexter ſee with ſpæd, to Cruelty ye goe:
Cauſe him hither to appꝛoche, Murder with him alſo.

Ambidexter.

I redy am foꝛ to fulfill, if that it be your graces will.

King.

Then nought oblight my meſſage giuen, abſent thy ſelfe away:

Ambidexter.

Then in this place, I will no longer ſtay.
If that I durſt, I would mourne your caſe:
But alas, I dare not foꝛ feare of his grace.

King. Exit Ambidex.

Thou curſed Iill by all the Gods, I take an othe and ſweare:
that fleſh of thine theſe hands of mine in pǽces ſmall could tere.
But thou ſhalt dye by dent of ſwoꝛd, there is no frænd ne fǽ:
Shall finde remoꝛce at Pꝛinces hand, to ſaue the life of thee.

Queene.

Oh mighty King & huſband mine, vouchſafe to heare me ſpeak:
And licence giue to ſpouſe of thine, her patient minde to bꝛeake.
Foꝛ tender loue vnto your grace, my woꝛds I did ſo frame:
Foꝛ pure loue doth hart of King me violate and blame.
And to your grace is this offence, that I ſhould purchaſe death:
Then curſed time that I was Quǽne, to ſhoꝛten this my bꝛeth
yoꝛ grace doth know by mariage true, I am your wife & ſpouſe
and one to ſaue anothers heith at trothplight made our vowes.
Therfoꝛe O King let louing Quǽn, at thy hand finde remoꝛſe:
Let pitie be a meane to quench, that cruell raging foꝛce.
And pardon plight from pꝛinces mouth, yeeld grace vnto your
that amity ẅ faithfull zeal, may euer be vs betwǽn. (Quǽn:

King.

A caitiue vile to pitie thǽ, my hart it is not bent:
Ne yet to pardon your offence, it is not mine intent.

First Lord.

Our mighty Prince w̃ humble ſute of your grace this I craue:
That this requeſt it may take place, your fauour for to haue.
Let mercy yet abonndantly, the life of Quæn preſerue:
Sith ſhe in moſt obedient wiſe, your graces will doth ſerue.
As yet your grace but while with her hath had cohabitation:
And ſure this is no deſert why to yæld her indignation.
Therfore (O King) her life prolong to ioy her daies in bliſſe:

Second Lord.

Your grace ſhal win immortall fame, in graunting vnto this.
She is a Quæne whoſe godly hue, excelles the royall Roſe:
For beauty bright dame nature ſhe, a large gift did diſpoſe.
For comelines who may compare: of all ſhe beares the bell:
this ſhould giue cauſe to moue your grace, to loue her very wel.
Her ſluer breſt in thoſe your armes, to ſing the ſongs of loue:
Fine qualities moſt excellent, to be in her you proue.
A precious pearle of priſe to prince, a Jewell paſſing all:
Therfore O King to beg remorce on both my knæs I fall.
To graunt her grace to haue her life, with hart I dõ deſire:

King.

You villains twain, with raging force ye ſet my my hart on fire.
If I conſent that ſhe ſhall dye, how dare ye craue her life?
You two to aſke this at my hand, doth much inlarge my ſtrife.
were it not for ſhame you two ſhould dye, that for her life do ſue:
But fauour mine from you is gone, my Lords I tell you true.
I ſent for Cruelty of late, if he would come away:
I would commit her to his hands, his cruell part to play.
Euen now I ſæ where he doth come, it doth my hart delight:

Enter Cruelty and Murder.

Cruelty.

Come Murder come, let vs goe forth with might.
Once againe the Kings commaundement we muſt fulfill.

Murder.

I am contended to dõ it with a good will.

King.

Murder and Cruelty, for both of you I ſent.

With all feſtination your offices to frequent.
Lay holde on the Quæne take her to your power:
And make her away within this houre.
Spare for no feare I dw you full permit:
So I from this place, dw meane for to flit.

Both.

With couragious harts (O King) we will obay.

King.

Then come on my Lords let vs departe away.

Both the Lords.

With heuy harts we will dw all your grace doth ſay.

Cruelty. Exeunt King & Lord.

Come Lady and Quæne now are you in our handling:
In faith with you we will vſe no dandling.

Murder.

With all expedition, I Murder will take place:
Though thou be a Queene, ye be vnder my grace.

Queene.

With patience I will you both away:

Cruelty.

No more words but goe with vs obay.

Queene.

Yet before I dye ſome Pſalme to God let me ſing:

Both.

We be content to permit you that thing.

Queene.

Farwell you Ladies of the Court, with all your maſking hue
I dw forſake theſe brodered gardes, and all the faſhions new.
The Court and all the courtly train wherin I had delight:
I baniſhed am from happy ſporte and all by ſpitefull ſpite.
Yet with a ioyfull hart to God a Pſalme I meane to ſing:
Forgiuing all and the king, of ech kinde of thing. ſing & exeunt

Enter Ambidexter weeping.

A, A, A, A, I cannot chuſe but weepe for the Quæne:
Nothing but mourning now at the Court there is ſeene.
Oh, oh, my hart, my hart, oh my bum will breake:

Very greefe so torments me that scarce I can speake.
Who could but weep for the losse of such a Lady?
That cannot I do, I sweare by mine honestie.
But Lord so the Ladies mourne crying alack:
Nothing is worne now but onely black. (serue:
I beleeue all cloth in Watling street, to make gowns would not
If I make a lye, the Deuill let ye serue.
All Ladyes mourne both yong and olde:
There is not one that weareth a points worth of Golde.
There is a sorte for feare for the King do pray:
That would haue him dead by the masse I dare say.
What a King was he that hath vsed such tiranny?
Ye was akin to Bishop Bonner, I think verily.
For both their delights was to shed blood:
But neuer intended to do any good.
Cambises put a Judge to death, that was a good deed:
But to kill the yong Childe was worse to proceed.
To murder his Brother, and then his owne wife:
So help me God and holidom, it is pitie of his life.
Heare ye? I will lay twenty thousand pound:
That the King himselfe dooth dye by some wound.
Ye hath shed so much blood, that his will be shed:
If it come to passe in faith then he is sped.

Enter the King without a gowne, a sword thrust vp into his side bleeding.

King.

Out alas what shal I do: my life is finished:
Wounded I am by sodain chaunce, my blood is minished.
Gogs hart what meanes might I make my life to preserue?
Is there nought to be my helpe? nor is there nought to serue?
Out vpon the Court and Lords that there remaine:
to help my greefe in this my case, wil none of them take paine?
Who but I in such a wise his deaths wound could haue got?
As I on horseback vp did leap, my sword from scabard shot.
And ran me thus into the side, as you right well may see:

A maruels chaunce vnfortunate, that in this wiſe ſhould be.
I feele my ſelfe a dying now, of life bereft am I:
And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blod I ſpy.
Thus gaſping heer on ground I lye, for nothing I do care:
A iuſt reward for my miſdeeds, my death doth plaine declare.

Heere let him quake and ſtir.

Ambidexter.

How now noble King pluck vp your hart:
What will you dye and from vs depart?
Speake to me and ye be aliue?
Ye cannot ſpeak, but beholde how with death he doth ſtriue.
Alas god King, alas he is gone:
The Deuill take me, if for him I make any mone:
I did prognoſticate of his end by the Maſſe:
Like as I did ſay, ſo is it come to paſſe.
I wil be gone, if I ſhould be found heere:
that I ſhould kill him it would appeer.
For feare with his death they doo me charge,
Farwell my maiſters I will goe take barge.
I meane to be packing now is the tide:
Farwell my maiſters I will no longer abide.

Exit Ambidexter.

Enter three Lords.

First Lord.

Beholde my Lord it is euen ſo, as he to vs did tell:
His grace is dead vpon the ground, by dint of ſword moſt fel.

Second Lord.

As he in ſaddle would haue lept, his ſword from sheath did goe:
Goring him vp into the ſide, his life was ended ſo.

Third Lord.

His blod ſo faſt did iſſue out, that nought could him prolong:
Yet before he yeelded vp the ghoſt, his hart was very ſtrong.

First Lord.

A iuſt reward for his miſdeeds, the God aboue hath wrought:
For certainly the life he led was to be counted nought.

Second

Second Lord.

Yet a Princely buriall he shall haue, according to his estate:
And more of him heere at this time we haue not to dilate.

Third Lord.

My Lords let vs take him vp and carry him away.

Both.

Content we are with one accord, to doo as you doo say.

Exeunt all.

Epilogue.

RIght gentle Audience, heere haue you perused,
The tragicall history of this wicked king.
According to our duty we haue not refused.
But to our best intent expresse euery thing.
We trust none is offended for this our doing.
Our Author craues likewise if he haue squared amisse.
By gentle admonition to know where the fault is.

His good will shall not be neglected to amend the same,
Praying all to beare therefore with this simple deed.
Vntill the time serue a better he may frame,
Thus yelding you thanks to end we decreed.
That you so gently haue suffered vs to proceed,
In such patient wise as to heare and see:
We can but thank ye therfore, we can doo no more we.

As duty bindes vs for our noble Queene let vs pray,
And for her honorable Councel the truth that they may vse:
To practise Iustice and defend her grace eche day.
To maintain Gods word they may not refuse.
to correct all those that would her grace & graces lawes abuse,
Beseeching God ouer vs she may raigne long:
To be guided by truth and defended from wrong.
Amen quod Thomas Preston.

Imprinted at London by Edward Allde.